

Twin Destiny

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Summary: Story about the Covenant invading Earth from the perspective of a 16yo boy. On his journey to save his sister and avenge his parents he must choose sides, Master Chief or the Covenant? Ties in loosely with Halo 2 storyline

1. Life is a memory best forgotten

A/n Ok people, this is a story about the covenant first invading Earth from the perspective of a 16 year old boy and how his journey is linked with Master Chief and his battle to fight the covenant. Please read this, I have taken way too much time in this story to be ignored, thank you

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo but I aid Bungie's efforts in world domination.

His feet flattened the long soft grass as he quickly marched up the hill. His brown untamed hair blew indifferently in the strong breeze that forced the lush grass to ripple down the hillside, lapping at the concrete city below. The city darkened as the sun slowly became strangled by murky grey clouds, but Leo continued at a forced pace up the slope. Passing a hand through his hair, more through habit than purpose, Leo muttered curses to himself. Content with walking, he fell in to the sea of grass and turned on to his back. The ocean was welcoming and safe so he shut his watery blue eyes.

'I'm not a kid anymore,' the boy said aloud to his audience, the clouds darkened. 'I want to be taken seriously.' His mind flashed back to the argument with his parents, the wound still fresh tore at his heart.

_ 'I'm not a kid anymore Mother so stop treating me like one. I want to grow up, go out in the world on my own,' Leo whined at her, his eyes a fiery blue. _

_ 'You're only sixteen Leo. You do far more than what I was ever

allowed to do at your age. You're too young to want to grow up so soon,' she replied coolly and routinely. —

— 'You're mother's right Leo,' his father added, resting his hand on his wife's shoulder for moral support. 'Don't wish you're life away. You are still a kid and we just want to protect you until you do grow up. We just don't think you're ready yet.' —

— 'How old is ready?' He cried desperately. 'You treat me the same as you do my little sister,' he accused, his hands clenched at his sides. —

— 'You know that's unfair. Elene is ten. We give you plenty of independence,' his father pleaded defensively. Leo's mother began to cry softly, her hands padding her face catch her tears. —

— 'But I want more.' —

Leo opened his eyes and his mind to the sky above. The darkening sky was a surprisingly happy distraction from thinking about arguing with his parents. Right now he could see in his mind his house that stood alone, resting only a few hundred metres down the slope, his parents upset and discussing what just happened. Despite Leo's immense guilt for upsetting them, he was still angry. Their protectiveness over him for the past few years was suffocating and he just wanted to grow up more independently, alone sometimes. He didn't usually argue with his parents because he never wanted his little sister Elene to see them arguing. But today she was at a friend's party in the city and Leo had let his anger go with no boundaries.

The sky grew thicker and a pall of darkness spread across the concrete jungle city and rushed up the slope towards Leo. He sat up, a sudden chill passed through his body that forced him in to a shiver. The sea of grass was no longer a vibrant green but had turned dull with the change in weather. The tides no longer rippled down the hill and the breeze ceased. The only sound that forced the atmosphere alive was the distant humming of traffic that droned ignorantly.

Leo's gaze swept down the slope towards his house. His eyes focused as he spotted his parents in the front garden, their hands raised and gesturing to the sky. His head rolled back on his shoulders slightly as he too looked back at the sky. His lips spread slightly then dropped apart involuntary in amazement. The sky had turned a deep grey, but that wasn't what threw Leo off guard. Above the city the grey pall had turned purple and the clouds had begun to swell around an invisible object. Leo was on his knees now, suddenly too weak to stand but his curiosity still forced him closer to the sky. His body tingled all over, seemingly possessed by adrenaline.

More purple clouds swelled in clumps above the city but the city continued to roar with life and blissful ignorance. The tingling in his body soon turned to vibrating and the brown haired boy snatched his stare away from the sky to his hands; they were trembling. He quickly stood up, his body no longer hypnotised by the sky. As he straightened he nearly lost balance on the ground. He wasn't shaking, the earth was! His blue eyes turned wild with confusion, what is going on?

He looked back at his parents in the garden for an answer. They were

both kneeling on the grass, arms around each other and heads raised. Leo's body trembled uncomfortably and without thinking, he wrapped his arms around himself to stop shaking with little effect.

Then everything went silent. The cars in the jungle city no longer roared, and the earth ceased to tremble for a few seconds. Seconds turned in to minutes as time slowed down. The air grew thick as Leo clutched weakly at his chest. His heart thudded from the inside of his ears as the seemingly solid air pushed from the outside in. His eyes were still locked on the purple clouds clustered above the city when a dense, self-contained purple light shot out from one of them. He forgot to breathe in as the thick air tried to push its way down his throat. The light crashed into a sky scraper in the centre of the city, sending cascading ripples down the building, shaking it to its foundations. Leo heard nothing of the impact and watched as the building crashed in on itself, sending a large brown dust cloud through the city. Time still slowed for the spectacle unfolding in front of Leo as the building continued to plummet to the floor.

Then Leo's vision snapped from his trance-like state as several more lights shot out from various purple encased clouds, moving ten times faster seemingly than the first. The beautiful destructive purple flares appeared to hit and destroy random parts of the city indiscriminately, fuelling the already expanding dust cloud. Leo froze as a stray purple missile appeared to head straight towards him. He was transfixed by the beautiful yet deadly light and stood paralysed. At the last second he threw his arms above his head as an instinctive self defence as the light crashed a few hundred yards down the slope from where he stood. Before he could realise he was alive, the thick, heavy air was swept away as the blast from the impact took him off his feet and tossed him up the slope. He flailed as he was flung through the air and the wind threw him onto his side.

Pain shot through the left side of his body and he reluctantly tensed his body to cope with the pain. A strong breeze was rushing up the hillside now and Leo struggled to lift himself up to peer down the slope. His eyes burned in disbelief as he looked at his home, burning an image he'll never forget; it was no longer there, just bricks and rubble, a cloud of dust attempting to mask the destruction.

His eyes swelled, his body tensed, 'Mum!' he shrieked. One foot fell forward, the second fell in behind and then too many to count. 'Dad!' he equally cried, his calls choked by unforgiving tears. The wind pushed hard against him but he ran, he flew towards his home with love-filled speed.

His brown hair flicked violently as the air and tears pushed past him. Purple missiles crashed all over the city now and crafts began to emerge from the cloak-like clouds. But Leo didn't witness the Covenant invasion of Earth taking place in the city, his heart was focused on his parents.

In only a few seconds it seemed he was at his home, the remains of it that is. He ran to the front of the house where the garden was, the last place he had seen them before-. He pushed the thought away as he waded through the rubble. Bricks and debris ripped his jeans and legs as he went, but the only pain Leo felt was ripping at his heart. His sobbing grew frantic and desperate when he came to the garden; it was under several feet of rubble.

Leo fell to his knees, hope had torn away from his heart and had left him empty. His defences broke down and tears flowed freely down his face. They were lost forever and he would never forgive himself. If only I hadn't argued with them that morning. He knew it was foolish to think that that would have altered his parents' fate but at least it would have released him from the infinite guilt that was already shadowing over him, fettered to his very being.

Too wrapped in his own guilt, Leo only just noticed something other than rubble out of the corner of his watery vision. His hands hurriedly rubbed at his eyes to get a better look. He squinted in his frustration to focus and it slowly became clearer. It was a hand! He jumped to his feet and ran across the rubble, stumbling and falling frequently. He grabbed at the familiar hand. 'Mum!' he yelled at the hand. He let out a gasp. Her hand was still warm. Hope hovered over his heart and he called out there names again, but there was no reply. He felt for a pulse on her wrist but there was none. His heart began to tear apart again and his shoulders grew heavy. It was childish to think they would have survived such a blast. He pulled his hand away reluctantly from his mothers. He gave a short shriek as he fell down the remains of his home down to the grassy ground. His mother's blood was on his hands as he stared wide eyed at his palms. The guilt on his shoulders nearly gave a crushing blow and Leo wished it had been him under the rubble when he thought about how lifeless his parents were now.

Leo had stopped crying now; he had to grow up quickly. Poking out of the debris, as if wanting to be found, was his father's samurai sword that had been passed down the family. Emotionlessly and unceremoniously he picked it up.

'I know I have only disappointed you father but I will avenge you both,' he softly spoke to his parents' graves. 'I will protect-it dawned on him. '-Elene!'

He looked at the city. It was no longer being bombarded by uniformly coloured lights from the clouds, instead dark purple and blue ships were descending on to the city and its inhabitants. His heart beat quickened. Elene was in the city at a friend's party. Strapping the sword to his back, Leo ran down the grassy slope to the dust engulfed city. As he ran he could hear a droning sound coming from behind him. Looking back, he watched as an army of about ten pelicans flew above and several army vehicles known as warthogs drove past and around him. It was unreal. The warthogs bounced up and down over the uneven surface and each warthog was fully loaded with people and gun turrets. None of them seemed to notice him and they continued down towards the invaded city.

As he continued down the slope at a godly speed, Leo rushed upon the large crowds of civilians trying to escape the city. Leo nearly fell over himself trying to slow down as he reluctantly fell in to the crowds of families. He tried his best to push his way through them, tearing through the hands of mothers' clutched desperately at daughters' hands. If Leo's mind had not been so focused on his own sister he may have felt guilty for breaking those desperate bonds of hope and safety. Elene was staring at Leo in his mind, her hand outstretched, calling for him to hurry. 'Brother'

'Monsters! There's monsters!' A desperate voice half shouted, half

screamed.

From all around him, choruses of voices shrieked the same thing over and over again. Leo tried his best to ignore the incoherent ramblings of aliens in the city and plunged through the crowds.

The closer to the city he got, the thinner the crowds of people became until there were only a few clusters of people left, desperately searching for lost relatives.

Leo picked up pace again and ran down a main street in to the city. Dirty brown dust still hung in the air and clung to the boy's clothes. The city still trembled as weakened buildings collapsed and purple missiles still bombarded the city. Leo was nearly at the council flats near the city centre when another wave of civilians came rushing towards him. This time the youth jumped in to a side alley to avoid being dashed against like a rock against a river. Leo watched as hysteria swept over the fleeing crowd. People fell and were trampled upon by their own family and others in the panic. Bright pulses of light fired in to the rear of the crowd, blood erupting from the back rows of the mass of people.

Emotion drained for Leo's face, the slaughter was too much to bear. From deeper in the city, under the concealment of the murky dusty clouds, blue and red plasma energy blasts were shot in to the fleeing civilians until none were left. The cries of small children were even silenced. Leo just watched the culling before taking off once again down the side alleys. Why?

For all he knew, Elene could have evacuated the city with all her friends by now, or have been-. Leo's eyebrows furrowed as if willing the thought to pass as quickly as it had entered his mind. He will find her alive and waiting for him at her friend's house. Leo's heart pulsed faster; he was nearly to the block of flats he would hope to find Elene.

'Please let the building still be standing . . .' he pleaded with an unknown force.

He shut his eyes as he rounded the corner. It was still standing. Leo grinned in relief and ran across the deserted main road to the entrance of the flats. Leo paused before opening the door, it was too silent. As he opened the door the ground shook softly and again as he ran up the stairs. At regular intervals the shaking would get more violent knocking plaster off the wall causing the building to groan in pain. Leo finally made it to the top floor, his breathing shallow and raw in his throat. He clutched his chest as he opened the door.

'Elene! I'm here, I made it! Elene . . .'

Brown eyes searched frantically around the deserted apartment. She wasn't there. A rush of warm blood swept to his head as his heart pounded faster and faster, just before Leo collapsed to his hands and knees, sobbing freely once again. He had let them all down.

'I was stupid to think she'd still be here waiting for her brother that would come here to late. I'm never there for people.' He clenched his fist. 'Stupid!' He shouted as he pounded the ground. The ground pounded back. Leo stopped crying for a second and looked

around the apartment. The ground shook more violently this time causing his body to sway involuntarily and force objects off shelves and on to the floor. Outside the authoritative shouts of men could be heard over what sounded like another crowd of fleeing civilians.

Leo edged closer to the open window and peered out over the once empty street. Again families were fleeing the city but this time they had a group of about fifty soldiers covering their backs from whatever hid in the enveloping clouds of dust. The ground shook violently again and everyone paused momentarily to gain balance before a new wave of intensified panic swept over them.

'There is nothing to fear people. The situation is under control,' a soldier shouted either out of confidence or ignorance. Leo decided on the latter, too many innocent people had been slaughtered today including his parent and possibly his-

'Hurry up people! We need to evacuate this area for a landing zone for Master Chief!' He continued. Murmurs of hope spread through the crowd and they began to move again.

'Master Chiefâ€¢!.' Leo thought to himself. It's got to be bad if he's been called in to deal with the situation.

'Move it, move it! The pelicans are under fire. They need an immediate drop off-' the soldier stopped short. Everyone paused again as they watched a pelican fly over the crowd and flames burst from its belly. Screams ripped through the crowd as they ducked from falling debris. Leo tried to his shut his eyes but curiosity prised them open. Large slabs of metal sheeting and other debris landed in to the crowd, immediately crushing whole families or horrendously maiming people. Leo heard their screams the loudest. Leo's heart bled with them. The craft continued to drop altitude rapidly as it spun slowly on its side until it disappeared over the horizon of buildings and erupted in to flames.

Leo's mouth fell open. Master Chief was their only hope from this foreign being. Earth was being invaded and it was defenceless now their hero had been killed. Leo looked back down at the crowd who still stood in amazement. Some were crying, the injured screaming until they died of exhaustion, and others just stood there. Morale and confidence had also been stripped from the soldiers as they hesitated with what to do.

'Al-alright people, let's get out of here. Pick up the injured and stick together!' The soldier stammered, weakness evident in his voice.

Before they could gather themselves together however, what seemed like an earthquake shook the crowd back to the floor where they struggled to get back up. Leo leaned out of the window and searched down the street where the crowd had come from initially. At the end of the road a mechanical monster gazed down at the group of stunned people. Four claw-like legs supported the bug-like body that towered above the buildings nearly. A circle of light was focused in the centre of what appeared to be its head was aimed at the crowd and seemed to be getting brighter.

'Scarab!' One of the marines shouted. Before a resistance to the monster could be made or the crowd could run, the 'eye' of the Scarab

glowed brighter than ever. Leo's breathing became shallow and laborious as the air became heavy. Adrenaline rushed through his body, this had happened before when that mysterious purple light destroyed his house and-

Leo leaned out of the window quickly just managing to not fall out and shouted as loud as he could, 'Run! It's going to kill you!'

It was too late. A devastating golden light was forced out from the eye of the Scarab down the street and through the crowd. Flesh burned and disintegrated in the bathing light. Soulless bodies that didn't disappear in the light ran until flames finally consumed them and took their pain away. The smell of human flesh was nauseating and the sound of weakened buildings crashing to the floor echoed throughout the city.

Leo lay on the floor of the apartment unconscious under the rubble. He had jumped out as the beam of light destroyed the front of the building he was in. His body twitched slightly as blood poured from where a large chunk of glass was buried in his leg. Even in his dreams his sister's face haunted him. What if she had been in the crowd that laid charred in the street now? Her burning fingers reaching out for him, her eyes filled with blood.

'Where were you brother?' she smiled sweetly at him.

A/n Thank you for making it through the story. I mean it when I say I'd appreciate reviews because I really don't know if people will like this style of story. Next chapter features Master Chief for all you die-hard fans.

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I will be redoing this chapter at a later date.

2. I'm not going home

Chapter 2

I'm not going home

Influencing Music: Samuel Barber's Adagio for Strings

**A/n **thank you for reviewing my first chapter. Sorry for the late update, I've been trying to sort out the rest of my life but I am always thinking about this story. I hope people continue to read this story and I really appreciate criticism. For example, I have been criticised for being too descriptive which is cool because I probably am. If you enjoy this story, please say so. I wrote this story to be read so don't let me think that you didn't enjoy it without giving me a reason why.

He cracked his plaster dried lips apart, gasping for breath too quickly that his lungs refused it entry and coughed it back up. His watery blue eyes stuttered open, dusty light from the open gash in the side of the building seeped in to his out-of-focus world. Leo's body felt dead, unable to move and no longer a part of him. He didn't

want to wake up, he just wanted to continue to sleep in his rubble-made grave, like his parents were nowâ€|â€|

'_Elene'_

His eyes snapped open. He remembered why he was here, why he had to live and he moaned as he summoned his body to awaken. Slowly, brick by brick, he pushed the thin layer of rubble off himself until he could sit up and look at the damage done to his body. Staring down, he could see he was sitting in a fresh pool of blood. '_Where is it coming from?'_ Leo couldn't even feel where the bleeding was escaping from.

He screamed, nausea rushed up his throat too fast for him to swallow it back and he turned to his side and wretched. Out of his thigh a large of chunk of glass was eating in to him and the sight of it being in _his _leg was too much to stomach. Once he had emptied all that he had left in his stomach, he knew he had to get it out of his leg. Just the thought of doing it was making his stomach feel weak. He had to do it though.

'For Elene!' His shout turned in to a yell as the glass reluctantly flew out his leg. Blood rose out of the wound at an alarming rate. Leo wanted to throw up again but he was too weak, the blood was draining what little energy he had left. His mind rushed, faces of his family dancing in front of him, his body rose, his legs clumsily stumbled forward and led him in to a bathroom. The pain for his family was so much greater than the physical pain; Leo wished for it to take his life away, he didn't want to feel anymore guilt. He fell forward in to the sink and his bloody hands opened the glass cabinet on the wall. Inside he rummaged through the odd bits of toiletries and tooth pastes and took out a first aid kit. Letting his legs go dead, Leo dropped to the tiled floor with a thud and let his head spin. Blood had followed him to the bathroom it seemed and was gathering around him. As much as he wanted it to, Leo wasn't going to let the red sea consume him. Cursing to himself and in between wincing, he tended to his leg as best as he could.

An hour later Leo was limping around, his appetite replenished slightly as he raided a warm fridge and had consumed all the water that was left in the apartment. His head no longer spun and his mind was focused. After much debate between thoughts, Leo concluded that his sister if she wasn't dead may have fled the city already with her friends and in that case would be heading for home. He had to go head out of town, if not to find her but to stop her from seeing the remains of their home and the fate of their parents. He had to be there for her, he had to act like her big brother for once and find her.

Without looking back at his near-grave, Leo walked out of the apartment, and out of the remains of the block of flats. Stepping in to the dusty sunlight, the smell of burning flesh hit him. He had forgotten the hundreds of innocent people that had been burned away by the scarab, some even burnt alive.

After a brief pause for him to empty his stomach again, Leo limped down the still smouldering street heading out of town. He kept his mind and gaze focused ahead. The sight of the charred bodies was too much and more importantly, Leo didn't want to know if his sister had been caught in the blast. He didn't want to see her little body lying

tortured in the street.

Surely we are allowed to dream that our loved one would still be alive after such destruction? If not to hold on to a futile hope that keeps us alive for those few minutes longer, and to know that we would have not given up before letting our soul rest along side the one that we had searched so long for. Leo wasn't going to give up on her. He would avenge his parents before letting himself rest.

After a few hundred metres, collapsed buildings blocked the street and Leo had to turn down unfamiliar alleys to find a way out of town. The more alleys and roads he turned down the more lost and panicked he became. Dust smeared the view of the city horizon and he could no longer see the hills that belonged to his home. He didn't know if he was walking deeper in to the city or further away! His eyes swelled with pools of tears as his leg began to throb and ache, blood seeping through his makeshift bandaging. His senses snapped alert as he heard the familiar sound of gunfire and screams followed by the alien sound of the plasma weapons being fired. Faintly, through the pulsating of his leg, Leo could feel the soft tremors of the scarab echoing through the city foundations.

Adrenaline spread through his body and pulsed strongly in his wounded leg. Am I just going in circles? Leo became desperate; his eyes scanning his surroundings for any sign of a way out of the city but dust hid the landscape from view.

'I'm lost' he whispered, admitting to himself the reality of the situation. But I won't give up.

Moving faster than before, he limped down another side street. He figured standing around wasn't going to find a way out and maybe this way he would find something familiar. Before he even reached half way up the street however, the sound of gun fire had become stronger and Leo could vaguely make the outline of people moving across the mouth of the side street. The injured youth moved as fast as he could down the small street to meet the main road where he had seen the people. They would help him get out of the city.

Reaching the main road, he paused and peered through the murky brown dust to see a small group of soldiers holding ground behind stranded cars, rubble and anything that would withstand the plasma blasts that bombarded them. Every so often a marine would lean out of position and point a battle rifle or whatever weapon he had to hand and fire in to the all-consuming dust cloud. Leo followed the journey of the bullets down the road in to the dust cloud. Something was there. Seeming to be at least a head taller than a human, its shadow danced in the enveloping dust and fired out beautifully deadly shots of plasma at the marines.

Curiosity hypnotised his body and his sanity, and forced him to move closer towards the alien presence that hid in the clouds. Keeping close to the walls, Leo could faintly hear a mixture of deep voices and grunting, as if the aliens were communicating to each other. Leo's heart raced with each sound the intruders made. He just wanted to see what they looked likeâ€|.

'Oi, you! Get back here kid! What the hell do you think you're doing!' a marine shouted from behind an upturned car.

Leo jumped violently and just as quickly his body contracted to cope with the pain that screamed through him. He fell to his knees, the only position that his body could bear the pain in. Leo looked up at the soldier who had already forgotten him and moved out of position to shoot in to the dust cloud. The marine didn't even shoot one round before a line of purple light passed through his body and sent him lifeless to the floor. Leo paused and stared at death as the marine's head lulled to one side; his agape mouth and empty eyes staring in to him. He looked about twenty years old, a man who died way before his time. Twenty years of life just flashed before Leo's eyes and was lost in one moment, a second of a moment and was lost forever, his death only to be remembered by a stranger who would never even know his name. Leo grew cold and urged himself on to crawl away as fast as he could.

The numbers of soldiers began to decrease rapidly, whilst the alien force still remained untouched and unforgiving, slowly emerging from the dust cloud to finish them off. Leo didn't dare turn back and he scrambled behind a demolished car alongside another marine. The marine glanced at him a second before returning his attention back to the alien invaders. As he did so, his dog tags moved on his chest and captured the sun on its smooth shiny surface.

'Michael,' was inscribed in the front of them Leo noticed. He looked about Leo's age if not a few years older and it was obvious to see that Michael was scared. All around his squad and friends were being singled out and killed one by one.

Without thinking, Leo coolly said, 'hey Michael, don't you think we should get out of here?'

Michael looked at Leo with an expression of what seemed to be relief. It was obvious that if he stayed he would die but he didn't want to betray his fellow soldiers. But what is the point if it's obvious you're not going to win? There were no more 'fellow soldiers' left to betray. Michael needed someone to give him the option to leave his inevitable fate so he would not feel guilty for leaving his fallen comrades. He couldn't give the order to himself and Leo had saved him from his potential deathbed behind this car, in this street, at the end of some alien's hands.

Michael smiled at him and his green eyes blurred with emotion. 'Okay, let's get out of here.'

Leo smiled back, his face a reflection of Michael's. They were too young to be seeing the things they had seen today. No one should have to witness the indiscriminate slaughter of innocent people.

'Here, take this,' Michael said as he offered his shotgun to the other boy. 'You'll need this for any close range combat we might encounter. I'll use this,' he continued as he picked up an abandoned battle rifle from a rag doll-like body.

'But I don't know how to use a gun-' Leo replied, his words anxiously tumbling out.

'Just pull the trigger if you see anyone who isn't human,' he interrupted, his nervousness becoming obvious. 'Come on.'

Still crouching, the two began to make their way down the street away

from the aliens. Leo's back began to ache as it became more and more difficult to deal with his injuries, crouch and carry a shotgun which was surprisingly heavy. He had never held a gun before and the idea of ever having to use one seemed a foreign one.

'We'll go into that alleyway up ahead and get out of this city,' Michael called back to Leo excitedly. 'We're going to live._

Before they could make it to the alley however, an elite burst out from behind the remains of a fallen building and pointed a weapon at Leo who lagged behind Michael. Leo froze; the weapon was crested with a purple haze of pins and was to end the life of a boy who had not yet lived. Without any apparent thought, the alien tugged at the trigger and a series of purple needle-like beams of light headed for Leo. He shut his eyes and accepted his fate. 'I just want to rest now. As the needles struck, Leo's breath was forced out of him as a large shunt from his right pushed him to the ground. Looking up at where he once stood, Leo looked up into Michael's eyes.

'Michael!' Leo screamed. 'Why? Michael smiled weakly as a mass of purple needles stuck in to his chest. 'I'll help you Michael!' he cried again as he scrambled to his feet to attempt to pull the needles out.

'No Leo, I'm already dead. Get out of here,' he softly replied, pushing Leo away.

'NO! Not again!' Leo hysterically screamed back, as he went to grab Michael's arm.

As if at the command of Leo's grasp on his arm, the needles in Michael's chest unanimously exploded, ripping his chest open and setting his soul free. Leo grabbed for his falling body as blood sprayed everywhere, covering him and his surroundings. He wept openly as Michael flickered a smile before turning his expression cold to the sky. Flesh surrounded the young boy's and Michael's open rib cage was exposed to the dusty air. Leo wanted to wretch again but he had to get away. From behind him he could hear what sounded like laughing from the alien that had just killed his friend. Leo picked up his shotgun, and took one last look at the fallen boy before turning to the gloating alien. He watched as from the elite's split mouth came gurgling sounds of laughter. He was at least a head taller than Leo and looked as if he could easily overpower him. Anger filled Leo's body and his vision blurred with hateful tears. Without a second's hesitation, the boy turned towards the alleyway and ran. He couldn't fight with a gun he had never used before or simply out of anger. Leo had had enough with his own foolishness for one day, and decided to convert his anger into energy to run.

As he ran, his shotgun swinging in one hand, the other clutching at his sides, Leo glanced round to see if the alien was following. To his surprise, the alien was nowhere to be seen, but it did not ease Leo's persistence to flee. As he turned back Leo's head smacked into something of shell-like hardness forcing him back on to one foot, and then to the other before losing balance completely and falling into a pile of rubbish in the alley. He clutched at his head as he pushed it upwards to see what he had crashed into.

Leo gasped; an elite towered over him, this time with what looked like a plasma weapon. All the aliens looked the same but no way could

it have been the same one as earlier.

'For fuck's sake!' Leo shouted at the oblivious alien. Lifting the shotgun with one hand, he aimed the barrel at the head of the elite, and without hesitation snapped the trigger back. The shot smashed the helmet to pieces and blew half the elite's head off. Alien blood splattered over the alley walls and Leo, resting alongside the blood of Michael on his clothes. The force of the shotgun shot forced the butt back in to Leo's chest and winded him. Leo laid motionless, trying to mouth words, to scream, to cry for help, anything. Blood that wasn't his own ran slowly down his face like rain on a window and he had no energy to wipe it away. Blood gurgled from the open mouth of the now fallen elite. Leo shut his eyes and fell back in to the comforting rubbish pile, finding it too nauseating to distinguish any features from its now hideously mutilated face.

As Leo lay in the bags of rubbish his body flinched as sounds of bullets ripping through the air ripped in to his consciousness. With every sharp snap of the trigger and every raw bang of the gun, red flashed in his closed eyes. He tried his hardest to remain still but every blast shocked his body more than the last, until it ended with the sound of a fallen boy and fast moving footsteps.

'Well, are you gonna get up?' a feminine voice coolly asked his motionless body.

Slowly, Leo lifted his head and met the steady gaze of a forest green-eyed girl. Seeing that the boy was alive she started reloading her pistol.

'Hi,' Leo croaked back, finally recovering his voice and energy back.

'Are you just gonna lay there or something. I don't know if you noticed but I just saved your butt from those monsters. It was coming down 'ere to kill you,' she continued, unsympathetically telling him off.

'Thank you,' was all he could manage to think of. Leo was too in shock that a girl his age was going round shooting these aliens. He didn't even notice her scolding; he was too confused to be bothered by it.

'Here,' she lent out a hand to the laying boy. 'Not very talkative are you?'

Leo just looked at her, still unable to recover his wits.

'Never mind. Take this,' she ordered placing a pistol in his hand.

'But I have that,' Leo answered as he pointed at his bloody shotgun lying in the rubbish.

'You don't want to use that. I really don't want to get right up close to one of those aliens in order to kill it, you know what I mean? A pistol is a lot better if we wanna keep our distance. I hope you're a good shot.'

'Okay.' Leo assumed it was safer to take orders from this girl than

try question her. He looked down the alley at the elite that she had killed and noticed that its body lay quite far away. Where did she learn to shoot like that? She wasn't even in the army, just wearing her casual clothing, blue jeans and a white tight-fitted top that remained hidden underneath a green-hooded zip fleece. Her long brown hair flowed down past her shoulders and complimented her lusciously green eyes. If they hadn't been here right here, right now, Leo may have thought more differently about her. But the only girl on his mind was Elene.

'It was a good shot wasn't it?' the girl smiled smugly.

'Yeah,' Leo seemed to whisper back.

She sighed. This was going to be difficult. Why did I come down this alley to save him? There are so many other people I could have helped. His eyes looked so vacant, he wasn't here anymore. She looked him up and down before moving forward and sitting him back down on the floor. He woke up momentarily and looked at her. No emotion rained in his beautiful blue eyes but she seemed understood why.

'We're not going anywhere until I've mended you. I can't take you anywhere fast if you're limping around can I?' She smiled at him sympathetically. 'By the way my name is Mima.'

'Leo,' he faintly smiled back before looking away again to return back to the safer world in his head.

Mima got to work on the gash on his arm and redoing the bandage on his leg. 'Did you do this?' She asked, pointing at his leg.

'Yeah, I'm not very good.' Leo said looking at her, feeling a bit more alive.

'No, you're not,' she said with a light smile.

'How do you know to do bandages so well?' He winced as she pulled tight the last bandage.

'My dad is-' She bit her lip. 'Was a doctor.'

They both looked at the floor. He needn't apologise for her loss because silently they already knew that they had lost somebody. They were sixteen year-old kids with guns destroying the lives and witnessing the destruction of lives, they had to be fighting for someone.

'Okay, you're all done.' She said as she helped him back up.

'Thank you. I really appreciate what you've done for me Mima. You didn't have to.'

'It's nothing. We're all in it together aren't we? I'm just glad you're starting to talk to me now.'

'Yeah, sorry 'bout that,' Leo replied shyly.

'Ah, don't worry about it,' she said waving a hand at him. 'Can you walk okay?'

Leo moved around a bit before nodding at her.

'Right, so who are you looking for?' She asked bluntly.

'My younger sister Elene,' he answered back, equally to the point.
'She was in town before this all happened.'

'I think I may know where she is,' Mima said with a hint of confidence.

Leo rushed towards her, his face filling with colour again.
'Really?'

'Yeah. The aliens, or the covenant I think they're called, are rounding civilians up in the city this way,' she said pushing her finger towards the centre of the city. 'So let's go.'

'Are you sure? I can go on my own now.' Leo didn't want to see anyone else die.

'I'm going with you Leo. I got nothing left to fight for,' she answered. 'If I go with you, at least I'll have something to live for.'

'What if we die trying, achieving nothing?' Leo asked.

'Then we die trying. I have nothing to lose apart from my memories, and even those will disappear with time. So it doesn't really matter if I die today or in sixty years does it? So, of course I'm coming with you.'

'Thank you,' Leo smiled at her, finally feeling a bit safer and hopeful. Sliding his hand in to hers, she led the way down the dust infested streets to find Elene.

A/n I've never written chapters so long in my life. Well it took long enough and I hope you enjoyed it. I just want to make this story feel more down to earth. As if it could be you in Leo's shoes. It's a horrible thought.

KujaWolf

End
file.